YANKEE DOINGS

THE JUNE BRIDE *as seen in a billet near Chateau Thierry-1918*

VOL. XI, NO. 6 YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION JUNE, 1930

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YANKEE DOINGS

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(M) signifies Member, Y.D.V.A.
(LM) signifies Life Member.
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SALE OF WAR BOOKS

In addition to the books concerning the 26th Division, or the regiments thereof, which are advertised on the inside front cover, the Yankee Division Veterans Association is now offering the following. Prices are net, and do not include mailing charges which vary according to the distance from Boston of the purchaser. An average price of mailing would be 10 cents.

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"Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," by Jack Niles, Doug Moore, and "Wally" Wallgren. The Macauley Co. $2.50

MY ABRI

She's built of twisted tin, she lets wind and rain come in
And she isn't worth a darn in case of gas.
She's alive with bugs and fleas, and tho' camouflaged with trees
I'm sure Boche Avions spot her as they pass.

The rats just seem to draw to our fancy duck-board floor,
The ditch that runs outside is full of slime.
But amidst this pile of junk is a chickenwire bunk
Where I grab a wink of sleep, from time to time.

Now of course it isn't vital that I give the thing a title,
But I tho't I'd stick a name to it for fun.
As to safety, she's not there—Oh, I just call her MY SOMBRERO
For the only thing she keeps off—is the SUN.

—ALFRED M. E. MEYEROWITZ (M)
(Battery C, 103rd F. A.)

THE TIME WE FOOLED YOU

One of the charming little stories concerning the Scotch, who, in spite of all that is said, I have found to be about the most friendly and good-hearted people on earth, is that of Jock MacGregor. To economize on fuel, Jock used to cook up enough porridge at one time to last him a week. Along toward the end of the week, it was pretty poor eatin'. In fact one day, he was having a hard go of it, to make it go down, when the light of inspiration appeared in his eyes. Going to the cupboard he took down a bottle of the choicest Scotch whiskey, removed the cork, and placed the bottle on the table in front of him.

"Now, Jock," said he, "eat the parridge, and I'll gie ye a bonnie drap o' whuskie."

So down went the porridge. Arising with a broad smile of satisfaction, he recorked the bottle, placed it back in the cupboard, as he spoke to himself: "Ahah, mon, that's the time I fuled ye!"

And this is the time DOINGS fooled some of its readers. Last month, it was announced that NO DUES, NO DOIN'S had gone into effect. And yet, all you slow birds who are still in arrears, here you are again with our compliments. Now, PLEASE, let your conscience be your guide, and kick in with those dues, because this is the last time.

HOW ABOUT IT?

The rumor has gotten around—no knowing who started it—that the YD will make another Pilgrimage to France in 1933. It's never too soon to start thinking about it, anyhow. It sounds good.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

In the olden days, if a man had "the rheumatiz" he used to annoint the afflicted parts with liniment, roll them up in flannel, and hope for the best. Nowadays he has his tonsils neatly but not gaudily deleted, a few teeth extracted, and—hopes for the best. The results may not be any more salutary, but certainly the reasoning is more sound. The old intention was to stop the pain; the modern one to remove the cause.

* * * *

To just that extent the science of medicine has progressed beyond that of law. In dealing with crime, the law is still trying to stop the pain: it is scarcely beginning to think of removing the cause. Before it can be removed, we must know what it is. Some claim it is mental disease and should be treated as such; others are sure that it is plain cussedness and ought to be beaten out. Between the two groups a merry warfare rages on. "Brutes," yells the first group. "Sob sisters," retorts the second. Neither will yield a point, yet neither is wholly right. Crime has not a single cause, but at least three; mental irresponsibility, emotional instability, and willful viciousness. The removal of the first two causes lies in the field of pathology; of the latter in the domain of the law.

* * * *

The purpose of any attempted reduction or the eventual elimination of crime must be considered in its effect on society—not on the criminal. As a temporary measure, for society's betterment, several expedients present themselves to mind. In the case of the insane, confinement; in the case of the emotionally deranged, confinement with surgical, medical or mental treatment; in the case of the willfully vicious, confinement with either moral suasion or punishment or both. In the first two instances punishment is but proof of society's own desire for vengeance; in the last instance its only purpose should be to convince the offender that his life would be more comfortable and pleasant if he obeyed the law. Its primary purpose is not to make him miserable in a spirit of revenge, but to make him sufficiently uncomfortable so that he doubts the wisdom of his chosen career.

* * * *

But as was stated before, these are only expedients to deal with the acute situation at hand—to "stop the pain." There is no harm in good liniment for your aches even if your tonsils are to be removed.

* * * *

As to removing the cause; medical science now holds or will discover the proper instruments to remove the first two—not only to remove them from living individuals but from future generations. Education and increased intelligence must help. For the causes must be bred out. If certain forms of degeneracy can be proved hereditary, man's assumed universal right to reproduce his own kind is a myth, all religious prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding. Controlled and intelligent breeding—crude as it may sound—is the answer.

* * * *

When we come to the case of the willfully vicious criminal—who has gone bad on his own account—removing the cause is a different thing. He commits crime sanely and logically, simply because he has found it to be a paying proposition. Yet the great majority of us are not criminals. Why? Because doing right comes natural. His case may therefore be taken from two angles. "Remove the profit," says the materialist, "and you remove the cause for his crime." "Awaken his conscience," says the moralist, "and you remove the cause of his crime." Both are right and both methods are worth trying.

* * * *

Remove all the gain, all the likelihood of gain, all the remote possibility of gain, and you will have removed the cause. No sane murderer (and there are such), about to drill his victim with lead would pull the trigger if he knew that at the same instant a trigger behind his own back would be pulled. No sane thief would take the risk if he knew beyond peradventure of a doubt that the moment he made his haul it would be taken from him and his next five years of liberty would be lost. It is the odds on getting away with it that make him go through. Reduce those odds to zero, one hundred times out of every hundred, and he quits.

* * * *

Attacking from the other angle lays us open to the charge of idle moralizing—preaching, if you will. Yet it cannot be contradicted that the greatest agent for good in the world is not force but man's tendency to obey his own conscience. The difficulty of making such a tendency universal is that it offers no material reward. In other words to remove the cause of crime by this means one must eliminate material reward as the motivating force and set up something stronger in its place. This is a difficult piece of work. The best instruments we have for its accomplishment are good homes, good parents, good friends and education. If our boasted civilization is worth all the praise we lavish upon it, ethics must catch up with other sciences and crime made as rare as the bubonic plague.

An optimist is a poor sap who doesn't know how rotten everything is.

ABOUT TWELVE YEARS AGO THIS TIME

The following notes are copied verbatim from a diary kept by DICK BARLOW (M) of Bridgeport, Connecticut, when he was acting as stretcher bearer for the 102nd Ambulance Company during the memorable days of July, 1918.

There is something about all the things written on the scene and at the moment that can never be gotten into copy re-written at a later date and a more tranquil place. Raw material to be sure, but terribly real to those of us who remember.

July 18 and 19

Bezu-le-Guery.

The Allies seem to have started a drive as there are many wounded coming through the stations and even the five ton trucks have been pressed into use as ambulances. It sure must be a rough ride for those with fractured limbs.

July 20 and 21

Bezu-le-Guery.

333 wounded came through our dressing station in the old church between four and eleven P. M. All the wounded seemed to be enthused over the Allies drive.

Sherman transferred from this company only last week was killed in action with the Infantry when working as a first aid man. We seem to have our men only well trained in first aid work when they are transferred.

July 22

We moved to Paris Farm just above the town of Chateau Thierry. The artillery is pounding away and the doughboys can be seen advancing through the wheat fields. Shells are bursting all around. Surely it is a nervy piece of work setting up a dressing station in full view of the enemy and on a line with the advancing infantry.

This farm house and barns are enclosed by a high wall with many holes already through it, in the center of the court yard is a muck hole, the wounded who are able to walk are coming in droves, the small ambulances are rushing through the fields and returning heavily loaded with wounded and our trucks and heavier ambulances are taking them to the rear as soon as they have had their wounds treated or having been recorded as there is little to be done for gassed men under such conditions.

Traffic was so heavy an enlisted man was detailed to direct traffic. Dead horses and cattle can be seen in all nearby fields and roads, airplanes are shot down, German wicker work baskets used for shell covers are piled high by the roadside as the enemy was in this farm house this morning, we dare not drink the water nor touch or remove anything for it may be connected with a bomb, the men are coming in faster than they can be removed and 70 wounded are on stretchers in the yard with the most horrible wounds—Oh God we shall never forget this scene. Not hardly a moan or a groan from anyone but its just Give me a butt will you Buddy? or how did Bill make out? and did Jack get it bad and then once in a while you might meet one from the old Home Town and he begs in a whisper not to tell his mother or else to write her he was allright.

Anti tetanus has to be injected into the abdomen of every wounded and is so painful it seems to be more feared than a wound. It makes a swelling about the size of a walnut but is gone in 24 hours and has proved very effective.

First aid men and all others are working until they can not stand up any longer and then try to sleep on the ground and sometimes find their pillow is a dead horse covered with straw. The shell shocked men are most pathetic as they duck and moan as the shells scream overhead but surely must not be condemned for no soldiers have ever been called upon to withstand such shocks to the nervous system and it is wonder they are not all shell shocked. Many of these wounded will possibly be again wounded before they have been removed far enough to the rear to be out of danger as the enemy is bombing all roads.

The enemy is retreating.

July 23

1300 have been through this station in the last 48 hours, some have died and we are to busy to bury the dead. There were fifty planes over this farm at once, small planes were circling around the big bombing planes, evidently on the way toward Metz. Three of our men do nothing but inject the anti tetanus and are kept busy, night and day.

STILL GOING UP

Membership in the Y.D.V.A. on the last day of May had passed the point reached last year at the end of July.

In the YD Club of Boston, the daily totals are running ahead of 1929.

Keep it up. This must be our big year.

"HIS FIRST COMMAND"

At the May smoker of the YD Club of Boston, held on the 28th, the motion picture, "His First Command," a reel of cavalry life featuring William Boyd was shown. In spite of the bad weather, the attendance showed no sign of falling off, nearly every seat being taken.

THE DARK AGE---NOW

By Leon F. Denis (M)

We read in our school histories of the so-called "Dark Ages" when the then known world was presumed to be at a standstill; no progress of any kind being made in any direction. We go into further detail and find governments at that time practically nil—everything being controlled by Church, which grafted and corrupted to the fullest extent known at that time. In the Fall of the Roman Empire, we find the same situation practically—graft, corrupt politics, loose morals—and, in fact, conditions as bad as they possibly could be.

Reading all these things, we look with horror on the so-called Dark Ages and we fail in so doing to look the present squarely in the face.

From a commercial and scientific standpoint, we were never as progressive as we are right now—but—socially, morally and politically, we are not quite so hot—as it were.

In the latter prospects we are not only stationary, but going backward. You don't believe it? Study the following comparison with the so-called Dark Ages of the past, and see for yourself.

Right now, we have unquestionably more corruption and graft by Church entered into our political life than at any time in our history. Recently developments in the investigation of our last Presidential campaign have proved this conclusively, and, we have not heard the half of it yet either. They also had their inning during the initiation of the Prohibition question and have not given us much rest since; in fact, they are more active and brazen in their methods than ever. That is religion—now!

Our minor governments are headed in the same direction; witness the second largest city of a great republic, almost bankrupt and depending on "charity" for its very maintenance, while rival outlaw bands kill and loot at will with little or no opposition from constituted authority. Is this progress? It may be civilization, but it most certainly is of no credit to anyone concerned.

In addition, there are a steady stream of impeachments, grand jury investigations, and one continuous senatorial investigation after another; corruption has become so general—investigators have no chance of catching up.

Political campaigning methods have kept pace, and we now are in such a situation we hardly know if we are electing officials or organizations, such organizations having none but pecuniary motives and acting accordingly, methods being varied and having no limit.

All this is coming daily before our younger generation, just growing up—who take it as an invitation to live a life of loose morals and absolute disregard for any and all constituted authority. Our juvenile courts prove this throughout the country.

Then there are the loose moral ways the older generation is adopting, marriage has become a joke and no man's family is safe from spoils of one kind or another, from without.

Our social "progress" has created such as hijackers, bootleggers, golddiggers, lobbyists, propagandists and a lot of other "sciences" heretofore unknown and unnecessary.

Youngsters of mere high school age are using hip flasks, walking—(?) home from necking excursions and in general raising all the cain possible in the time available—a fine state of affairs, when you stop and think what the aftermath may be in the succeeding generations.

We readily condemn the lives of our ancestors, the Caesars, and other so-called "Dark Age" periods—considered as blots on our ancestry.

At that rate and with the exercise of a fair comparison, what will our great-grandchildren say and think about us and our lives and our social "progress" —when they study us in school?

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE OLD YD

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Some time ago I was indulging in a pastime much in vogue out here—that of "fighting the war"—with an Englishman and a Frenchman. In the course of the discussion the Frenchman mentioned the Twenty-sixth Division. I asked him what he knew of the Twenty-sixth. "Plenty," he said, "I was attached to the 101st Infantry when that outfit went in at Chemin des Dames in February, 1918."

I wonder if any 101st Infantry readers will remember Lieutenant Jean Weil, detached from the 101st French Infantry. He certainly remembers the outfit, and had many stories about Colonel LOGAN (M), Major TOM FOLEY, Captain HICKEY and other notables of that regiment. He leaves port today for France, where he will spend his leave, returning to Kobe in the early winter. According to his present plans he will return via America, landing at Boston.

If he turns up at the YD Club, as he hopes to do, I commend him to the attention of all members, not only as one of the best lads who ever wore horizon blue, but also as one of the two YD men in Kobe. Now that he has gone, I am the sole survivor.

—BRUCE LANCASTER
(A Batt., 101st F. A.)

Kobe, Japan
May 14.

PAUL CHATEAUX, PRISONER OF WAR

By Enoch Hall Doble (M)

(Continued from last month)

IV.

Every evening after work Paul would come striding into the barrack with big noisy steps, loudly singing some spirited French martial air. As he marched through the barrack, he would throw his hat into one corner, toss his coat down in another, and thereupon getting into a game of piquet, entirely forget them until morning. And then when the guard was shouting his eternal "Los! Arbeiten!" to hurry us off to work, Paul's resonant voice could be heard yelling about to find if anyone had seen his hat and coat, while he raced from one bunk to the next in a mad search. Experience never taught him anything, for the same performance would be repeated almost every day.

Paul sang not only as he marched home to the barrack at the end of the day's work, but also at his work during the day. Indeed Paul was ever singing from the time he rose from his bed in the morning until he returned to his bed again at night. Yet his songs sometimes became a little monotonous in that he never knew the words to more than the first two or three lines. Still this would not bother Paul's pleasure in the music. For he would fill in, extempore, with endless lines of "Dugga, dugga, dug, dug." And this he could keep going throughout an entire day. Of a French trumpet and drum corps, however, Paul could give a most artistic representation. It was so much admired by all the other prisoners that some one was always demanding that he perform.

Standing for a second with his right hand turned in smartly on his right hip, his chin high in the air, Paul would step off at a swinging stride. As he marched along, he would suddenly in true French military fashion lift his right hand, palm outward like a trumpet, high above his head. Circling it three times in the air as is the French manner, he at last placed the imaginary trumpet to his lips, and the next instant he would blast out the most metallic notes anybody could ever wish to hear. The prisoners watched him almost in awe, for the ringing notes had truly an uncanny likeness to those of a real brass trumpet.

Next, between the trumpet blasts, and all in cadence with his trumpet music, Paul would give an extremely vivid imitation of the rattling "brr, brr, brr" of the snare drums, broken here and there by the heavy "zum, zum" of the big bass drums. Then with snare drums and trumpets and bass drums, for three or four minutes together, Paul would carry on.

At the end of these performances there was always a hush in his audience, and Paul looking a little pale and exhausted would sink down upon the nearest seat. For once he would be completely silent and motionless.

V.

At the end of the week when I received my first wages, one mark per day—having previously acquired a toothbrush at the prison camp at Darmstadt—I asked Paul where I could buy some tooth paste. At my question, Paul regarded me in amazement. Very earnestly he told me not to bother with such a foolish habit as brushing my teeth.

"Regardez!" he said, "I have not brushed my teeth since I joined the army."

Although his teeth were remarkably white and clean, I suspected it was not alone in the army that he had wasted no time on such a foolish habit.

Soap and water held few charms for Paul. He invariably got his face dirty, wherever he worked. And as for his hands, they were eternally black. Such trivial matters, however, would in no way interfere with the lusty enjoyment he took in his meals. Still, as everyone else washed before eating, he felt he too must go through the formality.

Letting the water run over his arms and hands, in a second he would dash the water over his head and neck. Next, with marvelous speed, he would rub soap lather all over the wet parts. Then he would thrust his entire head and shoulders under the faucet. After that, blowing and puffing, he would run dripping into the barrack and there deposit the greater part of the dirt on a grimy gray towel.

Following this he must arrange his hair. The very front, reflected in the mirror, always looked most scrupulously parted and combed. But the back of his head looked like a rat's nest—stubborn little tufts of wiry hair were still sticking out in all directions, just as they did at all other hours of the day.

At last Paul would sit down, and over his face would come a self-righteous expression of well earned ease. But now from his wet hair, little streams of dust and dirt would slowly trickle down and dry in long lines on his freckled cheeks and neck. Be that as it may, these would not receive the slightest attention, for Paul considered his duties had been most conscientiously done, and were fully completed.

VI.

One evening after a hard day's work, when we were stretched out on our bunks smoking, I asked Paul if he did not have a sweetheart back in France.

"Non" he said, "Elles sont folles, toutes les jeunes filles"! And with that he dismissed the subject.

Yet when I brought up the question again, he admitted he liked Marie, a girl from his village, but he gave her up because she was too flirtatious with the Americans.

I had noted on several occasions in Herr Steman's beer parlor that whenever the pretty young wife of Steman's son addressed Paul, he would redden self-consciously, immediately become silent, and at the first opportunity, bolt from the room. On the other hand, he took excessive delight in joking and laughing in his boisterous way, perfectly free and at ease with the wrinkled old women who came from time to time to work in the factory yard. They were in perpetual gales of laughter whenever he was present. In fact their first words whenever they came into the factory yard, were always to ask where fatty was, or "der Duke," as they expressed it.

As we talked that evening, he spoke of his family. Their farm had been in a small village outside of Luneville in the province of Moselle, north of Toul almost upon the German border. His father had died in June 1914, when Paul was only sixteen years old. There were two older brothers, the elder of whom then took charge of the farm. The other was serving his period in the army.

When the outbreak of war occurred, it so happened that Paul and his mother were alone on the farm. In the early morning hours of the first day, the peasants from the immediate frontier began to flee through Paul's village before the advancing enemy, who were even then nearly upon the village. There was no time to be lost, and so trying to save what few things they could carry with them in their farm wagon, with their old horse, Paul and his mother followed the direction of the other fugitives.

As the Germans were entering one end of the village, Paul and his mother drove out from the other, madly beating their sleepy old nag. After a kilometer or more the road brought them between the rifle fire of the opposing French and German lines. A shot struck the galloping horse, and he fell to the road in a lifeless heap. Paul and his mother were thrown from the carriage. But quickly scrambling to his feet, Paul picked up his mother, who he found had suffered no injury other than that of a sprained left wrist. Then through the cross fire they ran with all their strength, and reached the French lines unharmed. Yet, since during the entire period of the war their village was held by the Germans, Paul and his mother had to take refuge with friends.

In 1916 Paul entered the service in which his two brothers were fighting. Both brothers had won the Croix de Guerre, and not long afterwards the eldest was awarded the Medaille Militaire. But the heroic deed had cost him his life. Just before Paul's capture the other brother was killed. His mother now existed only for Paul. Hence Paul would write her every two weeks or more, if nothing prevented—such as, perhaps, a game of piquet. Or if, with having so much on his mind in figuring out how to pass twenty-four hours a day in a dug out, he did not forget.

One time he was held for six consecutive weeks on the Champagne front where the enemy were making a terrific drive. During all this time he did not write his mother once. Each day she read of the frightful losses in Paul's division. Weeks went by without a word from her son. Gradually all hope left her and she resigned herself to the inevitable.

At last Paul's regiment was relieved and given two weeks "de congé." Overjoyed, Paul started for home immediately, arriving with a six-weeks' growth of beard, and covered from top to toe with yellow mud. Bounding through the door, he burst into the back room where his grief-stricken mother sat mutely knitting in her chair by the window. Her startled eyes meeting the grotesque figure of her own lost son standing in the doorway, she sprang up from her chair as deathly pale as though she were viewing a ghost. Then with a loud whoop, Paul threw his big arms about her in a rough bear-hug, and the poor woman fainted dead away on his breast.

It was on his return to the trenches from this furlough that Paul had been captured. Every month four postal cards and two letters were given to each prisoner. Inasmuch as Paul felt he must use up anything "les sales Boches" gave the prisoners, and as he did not like to miss a thing anyone else seemed to enjoy, he now wrote his mother fairly regularly. I noticed too, that at the end of his cards and letters, he usually wrote to his mother, "Faites le bonjour á Marie."

VII.

On the fifth of August, I received my first food parcels from the American Red Cross at Berne, Switzerland. Except for a few cans of peas, tomatoes, and one can of corned beef, everything had been stolen. But even with the remnant we were much pleased. Paul was extremely enthusiastic, and we cooked a great feast that night, which we followed, by way of celebration, with many steins of beer in Herr Steman's shop. We were still so heavy headed when we were roused out for work the next morning, that we much regretted our festivities of the night before. Regrets, however, were in vain.

In ten days I had more parcels come through, this time unopened. Paul, holding a great axe in his hands, could hardly wait to get at the contents, and in his over-zealous eagerness, he smashed the very useful wooden case into bits. I began to unpack, and as I brought forth each succeeding article, Paul's eyes opened wider and wider with joy. There was canned beef, hash, baked beans, corn, salmon; canned milk, and jam; real coffee, and white sugar; one bar of soap, and ten packages of hard tack; and lastly, four bags of Bull Durham and cigarette papers. I was intensely happy. As for Paul, he could think or

speak of nothing else for days. We discussed and planned all sorts of menus. Hereafter, we decided, all food that either of us should receive, we would pool and cook together, "faire le menage ensemble," as the French expressed it. We would eat no more of that salt water and mangel soup at the factory so long as any other food remained.

Fortune seemed to be favoring us, for just after the arrival of my first parcels, Paul discovered another means of obtaining food. A few months before, because of the numerous wounds in his arms and hands, Paul had been able to persuade the Swiss doctor at Giessen, who twice a year examined the prisoners as to their fitness for work, to mark him for second class work only. And in consequence Paul had lately been given the easy job of guarding the oxen that hauled the wood down from the mountains to the factory yard.

In the gardens beside the meadow where Paul drove his oxen to graze, the villagers were beginning to dig for the first new potatoes. Paul became extraordinarily interested in the procedure. After luncheon when he returned with the oxen, he was seen to carry a great, flowing overcoat. Strangely enough, however, he never put the coat on. In the evening he came stamping into the barrack, loudly singing as was his usual manner. The coat was thrown carelessly over his right shoulder. Then Paul called to me, led me to a hidden corner, and showed me the coat. As far as I could see it was nothing more than a coat. But now, from the long, mysterious folds, he brought forth something. A bulging burlap sack. He bid me examine it. I opened the top, and there filled right up to the brim, were fat new potatoes!

Delighted with the success of this first attempt, with growing boldness, Paul took out a larger bag each day. At last it became easily apparent to any one that he was concealing something beneath his great blue coat, and it was not long before other prisoners were seen going to work with long, flowing overcoats. These potatoes we stored in a large burlap bag hidden under the head of Paul's bunk. That part of his tick began to stick up so high it seemed impossible to me that any one could sleep with his head and shoulders at such an angle. It must have been that the thoughts of the good filling potatoes below, soothed and comforted Paul, for he dropped sound asleep invariably within five minutes after lying down.

When we could stuff no more potatoes under Paul's tick, Paul traded some for a big wooden box, which we started to fill. "Store them up for the winter" was Paul's idea. By now all the prisoners were trying to steal potatoes, and one day a rumor arose that the villagers had learned of the wholesale thievery and that the guards were going to search our barracks. This caused much confusion amongst the prisoners, since there were hardly enough places in the whole barrack to hide all the stolen potatoes. Whenever one of the guards even peeked into the barrack, either Paul or I would be lying over the projecting head of Paul's tick. Yet nothing developed from the rumor, and two days afterwards every one was pulling out his hidden potatoes again. Paul even brought in another bagful "right under their noses," as he bragged. We went again to our hidden box to store these potatoes. But upon opening it, what was our surprise but to find it absolutely empty! Some one had stolen every single potato. Paul was exceedingly indignant to think that any prisoner could perform such a dishonest act.

These potatoes along with my Red Cross parcels kept our appetites reasonably appeased, and Paul soon learned where and how to trade for things that were lacking in our cuisine. When my sugar gave out, Paul found that for a little tobacco or some coffee, the Algerian prisoner who worked at the factory kitchen could be prevailed upon to procure us some brown German sugar. Also, Paul traded with the village Frauen, receiving onions, lettuce, or cabbage in exchange for a small piece of soap, a little chocolate, or some coffee. All these things were, of course, very dear to the Germans, inasmuch as since the beginning of the war they had been almost impossible to obtain for any price. With this large variety, we fared very well. That we ate as well as anyone in the barrack was generally conceded by the younger prisoners, and it was not long before our menage attained the respect of the older French prisoners, too.

(To be concluded)

TO 1933

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Please find my inclosed check, extending DOINGS for another three years, thirteen years in all, I think, since I'm not superstitious.

A continuous subscription for the above period is the best evidence of my opinion, and there is no reason it will not continue indefinitely.

As the "Battery A" column seems to be A. W. O. L. in recent months I should like the privilege of using DOINGS. No other medium can serve the purpose or reach the source.

I wish to acknowledge one of the most welcome and appreciated surprises I ever received when I talked with "JOCK" CLEARY, (M), "PETEY" PETERSON, "GIMME" JOHNSON, "STEVIE" STEVENS and "DUKE" GARNER at the American House in Beantown a day or two before Christmas, possibly initiated by Jock. I won't forget THAT.

More power to you.

—ALLAN H. PLYMPTON (M)
(A Batt., 101st F. A.)

Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
May 24.

OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

"Every man give one day's pay"

On Monday, May 26, the first meeting of the Overseas Memorial Committee in several months was held to discuss ways and means for the immediate completion of all work in connection with the Memorial Church at Belleau.

The principal items remaining to be completed are the stained glass windows and the memorial placques bearing the names of the Division's dead. The cost of the latter has been donated by the officers and men of the 26th Division, Mass. N. G., and their carving and erection is only waiting for the final checking of the names, so that errors in spelling will be as nearly eliminated as humanly possible. If readers of YANKEE DOINGS know who, in their own outfit, has a complete and accurate list of the dead, it would help greatly if they would let the Secretary of the Y.D.V.A. know, and arrangements will be made to check such lists against the War Department list in the Club, which has been found to be inaccurate in many cases.

Practically every cent of the money on hand in the general fund has been sent to France to carry on work now under way, and the financing of the remaining stained glass windows remains a problem. The sub-committee on large contributions, consisting of Col. WILLARD LUTHER (LM) is making a last attempt to raise the few thousand dollars still needed. The latest attempt to raise the money from the full rank and file of the Division has not been successful. It is unpleasant to have to make such a statement, but it is nevertheless true. As this month's figures show, 4319 men of the old Division is the total number who have contributed; not a very enviable total.

However, the objective is practically reached, and General SHERBURNE (LM) and his co-workers admit no thought of giving up when so little remains to be achieved.

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(In addition to those previously acknowledged)

(Y.D.V.A. members not designated)

Alvin R. Davis	103 Inf.	(Add.)
Alanson D. Yeaton	101 Engrs.	
John W. Holden	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Clayton G. Locke	104 F. H.	(Add.)
Samuel Nelson	101 Engrs.	(Add.)
Michael J. Mooney	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Carl A. Jensen	104 F. H.	(Add.)
Frank S. Mason	102 F. A.	
S. H. Challenger	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Lt. Leon F. Denis	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Philip S. Barnes	103 F. A.	(Add.)
Edward Cote—"In memory of Arthur Cote" his brother	102 F. A.	(Add.)
T. P. Sullivan	103 F. A.	(Add.)
Ralph H. Porter	102 F. A.	
Benj. R. Woodbury	103 Inf.	(Add.)
Paul M. Reddish	104 Inf.	
John Swan	101 Am. Tr.	(Add.)
Jerome D. Bauer	101 Engrs.	(Add.)
John J. McColl	101 Engrs.	
Wm. Hackett	101 F. A.	
Edwin M. Clapp	101 Engrs.	
Alfred Meyerowitz	103 F. A.	(Add.)

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO JUNE 1

	Cash Rec'd	*Pledges*	*Totals*
Div. Hq. & Hq. Tr.	$3,675.70	$ 140.00	$3,815.70
101st Inf.	3,275.78	225.00	3,500.78
101st F. A.	8,518.09	176.50	8,694.59
101st Tr. M.	118.00	5.00	123.00
101st Sup. Tr.	237.30	40.00	277.30
101 San. Tr.	1,279.65	.....	1,279.65
101st F. Sig.	534.32	57.00	591.32
101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	360.95	34.00	394.95
101st M. G. Bn.	1,032.59	15.00	1,047.59
101st M.O.R.S.	32.00	.....	32.00
101st Engrs.	5,189.88	257.00	5,446.88
101st Amm. Tr.	2,394.85	52.00	2,446.85
102nd Inf.	1,858.38	150.50	2,008.88
102nd F. A.	3,178.95	122.25	3,301.20
102nd M. G. Bn.	1,445.40	100.00	1,545.40
103rd Inf.	6,872.30	702.00	7,574.30
103rd F. A.	4,397.34	57.50	4,454.84
103rd M. G. Bn.	640.95	131.00	771.95
104th Inf.	3,831.71	173.00	4,004.71
51st Art. Brig.	622.00	.....	622.00
52nd Inf. Brig.	208.43	10.00	218.43
51st Inf. Brig.	143.40	.....	143.40
Misc.	1,999.84	66.00	2,065.84
Bank Int.	1,716.93	.....	1,716.93
Postage on broch.	4.38	.....	4.38
	$53,569.12	$2,513.75	$56,082.87

Donors 4319 Pledges 238

MEALS WE HAVE "ET"

By Philip N. Sanborn (M)

A dining car waiter was reminiscing one day of the queer fish he had served (at the table, not on it) during his career. He was asked what was the oddest order he had ever taken. After a few moments' thought, he replied, "Well about the queerest one was from an old lady who asked for a small baked potato and a glass of Coca-Cola."

Which set me to thinking of some of the combinations we used to make meals out of in the hectic days of '17 and '18, and also some of the others, not so queer, perhaps, but memorable for one reason or another. On September 13th, the day of the St. Mihiel drive, we started out from a hill above Rupt-en-Woevre to follow up close on the heels of the advance and repair roads so the artillery could get going. It looked like a lean day so far as rations were concerned, so RUFE NORTHUP (M) and I pooled our resources for a picnic lunch. Along about 10.30, crossing that stretch of the Grande Tranchee which had been No Man's Land for four years, we found a chance to duck out of sight and slid down into an old trench. I produced my share of the feast, consisting of a can of condensed milk. As an agreeable addition Rufe's contribution consisted of a large, raw onion. Did we eat? We did. The onion was peeled and cut in slices; the condensed milk was eaten au naturel, out of the can. If any Pullman waiter got an order like that—?

Almost as bad was a breakfast, actually served at the soup-gun, one morning up in Beuvardes: dehydrated sweet potatoes and prunes—nothing else—simply dehydrated sweet potatoes and prunes. Or the sumptuous repast handed us on arriving in Ecommoy, after an all night's box car ride: one can of tomatoes to every two men: "Open 'em up and eat 'em." We et 'em, right out of the can, one man spooning in on each side, and we cussed so hard that the damn tomatoes burned our mouths.

Then there was the time up on the hill at Rupt when it rained like blue blazes for three days and every pup-tent like an up-to-date shower bath, when the ration wagon from regimental left us out altogether. Noon mess that day consisted of a marrow soup made out of the bones of yesterday's beef resurrected from the garbage pile, and augmented with one small cabbage.

Of course, there was that first Thanksgiving over there and what a feed that was. The village cafe hired for the occasion and the cooks up for two nights making pies. Turkey, stuffin', pies, candy and the works. We talked about it till the war was over. But Christmas, 1918, was something to write home about, too. President Wilson wanted to look us over, so they got us out of bed in the shivering cold at 1.30 a.m. Breakfast—sure; a messkit of soaked-up corn meal with Karo—just a simple one-course breakfast, and each of us given a sandwich which we were not to eat until they told us to. Then a four-hour truck ride and a parade in an oversize mud puddle.

One time JOHN GERRISH (M) and I had a feed we both remember. The company was at Nanteuil-sur-Marne. Sneaked off one afternoon to la Ferte and visited the Division commissary, where we got a large can of cherries and another of peaches. Once outside the town, we sat on the side of the road and gobbled the contents. No bread, no nothin', just the cherries and the peaches. Boy, that was a feed.

Some of the pleasantest feeds in our recollection were the midnight snacks while on gas guard outside the old limestone quarry at Mont de Leuilly on the Chemin des Dames, when the company was quartered there. Old BILL WALKER (M) had the night shift in the cook shack, getting stuff ready for the gang when they came in at dawn from the wire-stringing detail. Gas guard was run 24 hours a day at the mouth of the quarry, and along about midnight when all decent and Christianlike officers-of-the-day ought to be (and usually were) snoozing, I (or whoever happened to be on that post) sneaked up to the kitchen to sit on a box alongside the soup gun while Bill would fry up a nice steak and dish out a piping hot cup of coffee with plenty of canned milk and sugar. When cooked to order, even army rations are oke.

Nor have we forgotten the rations handed out by the good old Cunard line which took us over; but even after almost thirteen years, the subject is too painful to dwell upon.

Of course the many wonderful spreads laid before us by kind old French women for whom we used to buy the stuff when our pockets were flush can never be forgotten. They were the highlights of a dreary war. In Poulangey, for instance, one time we had a delicious tenderloin of pork which was frying and sizzling away before the echo of the hog's squeals had died away. This with a heaping bowl of string beans and another of pommes-de-terre frites, a large cartwheel of fresh baked bread and Swiss cheese, sufficient quantities of wine, and large mugs of hot chocolate made a whole week of drilling and inspections endurable.

We never have and never intend to exaggerate the hardships of war, but there was one time up between Etrepilly and Epieds when we were not ashamed to salvage a large hunk of water-soaked bread that had

fallen off a ration cart, cut the muddy parts away and gobble the rest.

Up at Pi Park, in the St. Mihiel sector, was one meal that stands out in memory. For two days we had been "salvaging" odds and ends from the officers' mess, such as a pound or two of raw beef and a soup bone, a few fresh vegetables, etc. The second night, there appeared to be enough to make a good old-fashioned vegetable stew. So we covered all the windows and cracks in the little shack we were in, got a good hot fire going, and proceeded to concoct the stew with all the care of a doctor's prescription. Just as it was about ready to take off the fire, I was sent out as a guide to a courier from regimental, who didn't know where our other battalion was. Arriving back after midnight, I found once more what real comradeship is: there was still a generous portion of the stew on the stove, still hot, and all the rest of the fellows snoring. After that ride in the rain and dark, was that stew good?

LEGION NATIONAL CONVENTION

Following is a copy of the telegram sent by CARROLL J. SWAN (LM), Chairman of the Legion Convention Corporation, to National Commander Bodenhamer:

> New England, the old home, welcomes and awaits all. Fifty-four committees including 2500 active New England legionnaires are working night and day to make the 1930 National Legion Convention the most successful ever. We plan to receive and entertain more than 300,000 visitors. Comfortable accommodations will be provided for everybody. Among the outstanding entertainment features being planned are: Stupendous aerial demonstration, outboard motor races, football game, golf tournament, two boxing carnivals, big naval display, sail down picturesque Boston Harbor, with a real old-fashioned New England clam bake thrown in, open house at Revere Beach, historical costume ball and pageant, special wartime movies and plays, and a grand and glorious midnight frolic. One thousand trained guides will escort visitors to Bunker Hill Monument, Dorchester Heights, Faneuil Hall, Battlefields of Concord and Lexington, Plymouth Rock, Paul Revere's House, scenes of Boston Tea Party and Massacre. Arrangements have also been made to allow our visitors to tread the decks of the beloved "Old Ironsides" (U. S. S. Constitution). Through the courtesy of the Postal Telegraph Company we have installed a typing machine at our headquarters, 603 Statler Building, Boston, which will materially aid us in our communication problems. Legionnaires may communicate direct with 1930 American Legion Convention Headquarters by going to any Postal Telegraph office and addressing telegrams to "Legion," Boston, Mass.

"CHILDREN OF BELLEAU AND OF THE 26th DIVISION"

This number of YANKEE DOINGS was already on the press at the time of the first meeting of this new children's organization, on Saturday afternoon, June 7. An account of what took place will be given in the next issue.

The purposes of the Union: "to guard the memory of our heroic dead, never to forget and always to maintain between us the spirit of comradeship, understanding and love that exists between our fathers who fought side by side, under the Great Commander, in the victorious struggle to restore human right and world peace" are such as to fire the imagination of every father.

Already, two kind people, a man and his wife, residents of France, have taken an active interest in the launching of the project on the other side. They have agreed to provide for the children of the commune an annual fete, or feast day, and to work toward keeping alive the spirit of the organization.

It is planned that arrangements will be made for the children over there to have some part in decorating YD graves in Belleau Cemetery on future Memorial days, and to help in the upkeep of the church itself.

On this side of the water, at least one meeting a year, and doubtless others as well, will be held, and greetings sent to the children in Belleau. The son or daughter of any member of the Yankee Division Veterans Association or the son or daughter of any deceased YD man, is eligible to join this association.

In accordance with the Constitution, the following officers have been appointed for the current year: President, Major JUDSON HANNIGAN (M); Vice-Presidents: Hon. J. C. J. FLAMAND (HM), ex officio; M. Duforge, Mayor of Belleau, ex officio; Mrs. Alfred Snape, President YD Auxiliary, ex officio; and WILLIAM J. BROWN (LM); Secretary and Treasurer, RALPH M. EASTMAN (M); Chaplain, Rev. WILLIAM J. FARRELL (M) and l'Abbe Combes, Cure of Belleau; Historian, PHILIP N. SANBORN (M); Executive Committee, the foregoing officers and Col. CARROLL J. SWAN (LM), Pres. of the Y.D.V.A., ex officio; ALBERT W. BARNARD (M), A. C. COLOMBO (M).

COMBINED NUMBER

In accordance with the custom of recent years, the July and August numbers of YANKEE DOINGS will be combined in a Midsummer Number which will go to press on July 15, and be published approximately August 1.

This Midsummer Number will contain the story of the veterans annual visit to Camp Devens as guests of the 26th Division, M. N. G., and all other YD events coming to the attention of the editors during June and the first half of July.

NO-MAD-ICS

By "Ted" Noyes (M)

Bright sun— soft roll of the surf— as we draw up in front of the Victoria Palace Hotel at Scheveningen, Holland, to spend our next sojourn.

Our taxi having been unloaded of its cumbersome baggage, paid off by the "Portier" (we don't speak the language yet!) and finally settled in a comfortable room, looking sea-ward.

Past visions of Nantasket, although it is more like Atlantic City with its luxurious hotels bordering the sea and Esplanade. The Esplanade, promenade or "Strandweg" (as it is called) with every other door a large terrace where liquids of greater potency than may be had in our own country, (even greater than those of BILL BROWN (LM) and WALLY DAY (M)!!) —"femmes" or "meisjes"— the fraulein comes later —strutting their best of chic and elegant, etc., while we enjoy the delightful sea breezes, a large beer, and revel in the thought of those less fortunate.

The waiter addresses us with something sounding like *Herrin*—my companion being a State of Maineer, I thought we were discovered—which meant "Gentlemen." Imagine my surprise to be so addressed, and while beer being a practically international word (ask AL BARNARD (M) or Ye Ed!) thus we managed to be taken care of.

The Dutch people are scholars if they are only a small country. Nearly all of them handle three languages in addition to their own "Hollandsch" or "Neerlandsch."

Our past experience as a company runner enables us to "orient" ourselves and we know we are well situated. The Hague—"Den Haag"—the center of Peace (we are sure of a quiet sector) being only ten minutes' run in a street car or "Tramweg."

Gazing out to sea, we imagine some twelve odd years ago, "battle wagons" of several nations cruising around here looking for subs and dodging mine fields. The sea is beautiful and as the day is warm—let's swim!

Here are the bathing machines, similar to those we later see at Ostend, a house on wheels, resembling an ice cart with a door at the rear steps. Entering and disrobing, bending over and untying a stubborn shoe lace, a rattle and roll and I end up with my head where the shoes formerly were. We are being towed out to knee-deep water off the steps by a man with his horse hooked on. (Attention JOHN HOLDEN and other "mule skinners.")

On finishing our dip, all we do is enter the bathing machine, "call out the Supply Co." and we will be "high and dry again," on land at least. "High and dry" being the name of a gin, by the way.

Having sampled the temperature of the "Nord Zee" (Hot shower in Nantasket, Wally!) we continue our wanderings and visit the fishing fleet in the picturesque harbor at Scheveningen. This is the center of the herring industry of Holland on the North Sea (gather 'round, you Eastporters) and they are ever on the move during the season.

Offered a nice fresh herring out of the day's catch (I longed for a steak) "mijnheer"—the fisher—was quite surprised at my refusal, but my memory of "gold-fish" in the Army is still paramount.

Here are worn the wooden shoes or "klompen," and how they "klomp," like those we knew in our days in France.

Holland is a low and "damp" country—damp both ways. A short distance from where we are we can see the factories of Scheidam where the famous brand of Gin or "Jenever" is made. (Maybe the next pilgrimage will be to Scheidam!) Skee—meaning to slide—a fall—and usually Dam! (See Webster's unabridged.)

The Hague is a very pretty city, modern and interesting with the residences of the Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, and betimes of FRED M. WREN of the 103rd Inf. (Your wide-ee YD is widening!)

Amsterdam is a busy city of over a million, with its streets of water ("Gruchts"), its industries, stock exchanges—theatres—in which your correspondent had the pleasure of abusing—I mean amusing—these folks for some eighteen months. The busy harbor with boats to Java, etc., and we arrange for a trip to that famous Isle of Marken and Volendam. Historical interest here in abundance, the dead cities of Holland, the Zuider Zee, Edam and its cheese factories "Edamsch Kaas." Monikendam, built by the monks of the 15th century—and the dead buried in the body of the church—each large flagstone engraved with the name, date, etc., making the floor of tombstones.

We take our "aperitif" aboard the boat (funny what an appetite we developed!) and arrive at Volendam.

This is wholly a Catholic colony, in their picture-like costumes, the children all asking for a "dubbetje" (10 cents) when we photograph them. Now I know how New York was bought! and on to Marken.

The island is set low in Zuider Zee and our boat towers over some of the closest buildings (no wonder they are often flooded out of house and home!) We walk down the gangplank over the "Dyk," which holds the water back and proceed to visit the Markenite at home. The houses are exceptionally neat and clean, and beds are built in the wall—high in case of flood—baby's bed also, so that none will be washed out by this daily peril in which they live at present, for it will be only a short time when the Zuider Zee will exist no more.

A great engineering feat now is the erection of a

blockade across the northern end and the pumping dry of the body of water, leaving more ground and soil for the Dutch agriculturist.

Children here are dressed as girls until the age of five, when the boys are allowed the full bloomer pants of a Markenite, but retain their quaint-colored blouses and baby caps until they are seven. These caps are sort of a "service record," each year an additional rosette is sewed on, the type of rosette distinguishes boy from girl. Great idea for infantrymen to signal air service!

Small canals or "grachts" form a network all over the island and supplies are carried by boat being "poled" along.

We start back for Amsterdam through the Zuider Zee wondering, of course, if the next time we shall have to walk (great for seasick subjects!) and arrive at Amsterdam with plenty of time for "cocktail hour."

Though lots of time is spent in cafes here and throughout Europe in general, one is edified by the time spent over a glass, and the non-ill effects would touch the heart of the most ardent Dry! Oh, my brothers, we may well learn from the Europeans in this respect.

Amsterdam with its many interesting sights gives us lots to do and after a comfortable night we are awakened by the maid who serves us our breakfast in bed. Why not be lazy?

"Shades of a mess sergeant," a tray big enough to feed the platoon is laid before us with meat, cheese, eggs, bread, rolls and butter and coffee. Sounds like a K. P's menu!

Struggling through what we can of this we are out in the morning air to visit the "Ryks" museum with its wonders of art, most mindful that the original of Rembrandt's "The Night Watch" is here and holds us spell-bound in its beauty and high lights.

We pass the famous concert hall where Dr. William Mengelberg directs his marvelous orchestra a part of the year and spends the rest in New York as guest conductor to our great American concert orchestras. On to the Royal Palace where Queen Wilhelmina holds court in Amsterdam.

The Central Station, as busy as an army base during troop movements, the trains for two or three countries—ours the Berlin Express. Beautiful compartments, sleeping cars, diners and coaches, a nice bed in a compartment for two. (Where are the days of our 40 and 8's?) and we are off for the promised land of 12 years ago, Berlin!

We indulge in some of the cigars (Holland is famous for its tobacco) we bought and settle down to think before sleeping. What a sensational entry this would have been in the days of "Kaiser Bill!"

(To be continued)

Proud dad, entering office morning after big event: "It was a boy!"

Office grouch: "Goin' to raise it?"

WORTH TRYING OUT

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Here is a suggestion for YANKEE DOINGS.

Most of the things we did at the front were done blindly, just because of an order whose motive we never knew. The action of each unit was a small part in the big scheme we enlisted men never had a chance to understand. Our movements were wreathed with rumors, mostly wrong. I think it would be interesting to shed a little light on some of our past doings by giving the inside dope on some of the high spots of each regiment's engagements.

This would help the members of the division to understand how the parts played by their own outfits worked in with the general scheme of things. A series of articles, each specially written by one of the commanding officers, could deal with the more important episodes and outline the Big Idea. Each front could be covered separately.

For example, a brief summary, possibly written by General EDWARDS (LM) might explain the situation confronting the division at each front, and the relation of our work with entire allied plans viewed as a whole. Then the assignments of the various branches of the service could be sketched by some of the senior officers, followed by a detailed, play by play account of some especially significant episode, written by some competent person who took part in the operation.

In this way your readers could get a complete perspective of the achievements of the division. As each issue might be devoted to the Doings at each successive front, you would get considerable continuity in the publication. A collection of the series of DOINGS would form a unique history of the Division and make an effective inducement in a drive for new members.

—ANSON EARL SAWYER
(F Co., 101st Engrs.)

Boston
May 13.

AMERICAN MEMORIAL IN BELLEAU WOOD

Reynolds, Francis & Rohnstock, of Boston, noted makers of stained glass windows, recently exhibited two windows which they have completed for the American Chapel in Belleau Wood, the National Memorial which is being built by the United States. One of these shows the insignia of nine American Divisions which participated in battle in that sector, including of course the 26th.

MAIDEN LADY'S EPITAPH

She lived a blameless life below,
Death held for her no terrors,
Now she has gone where lilies grow;
No runs, no hits, no errors.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

I have just returned to my home after a business trip through New England and, as always, when making these trips, I visit the good old YD Club at Boston where "days gone by" is one of the main topics of conversation. Sometimes you may hear one old vet of '17 and '18, possibly a member of some artillery regiment, tell some thick-headed, dumb-foozled doughboy, from the infantry, just how it happened to be that the artillery played the most important part in the war and then hear the doughboy reply, "The only thing you birds of the artillery did was send us a little 'short range'." Then the battle is on, and the barrage lifts just about the time the Club closes for the night.

If each "buddy" will take his YANKEE DOINGS and read through it, he will find many topics therein, which he can "kick about," for instance, in the April issue, on page 12 it shows the amounts received and pledged by the various divisional units, toward the Overseas Memorial, and on closer inspection it says there were "only 4230 donations and 240 pledges," this "generous amount of donations and pledges" is really worth "kicking about." With considerable more than 20,000 men to our "fine old division," so far it has been left to just a handful to carry the bag of that truly noble work, "Our Memorial" to our dead.

I think that the "artilleryman" who says his was the real outfit was pretty nearly right from the looks of the amount one artillery regiment has donated to the "Memorial Fund."

Another worth-while argument for "Club orators" can be found on page 4 of April DOINGS under the caption of, "For Immediate Payment of Bonus." Here is a real champion cause that is worth while, why shouldn't every man who served in all the branches of the U. S. military forces in the last war rise up and say we did our work, "Pay us now." If you rent an apartment you pay in advance, if you "dig sewers" you get your pay on Saturday of each week, so why wait 20 years for what really belongs to you now?

In looking back over my file of YANKEE DOINGS I find the names of the few real workers of the Y.D.V.A., these names appearing nearly in each issue, in which they are working tirelessly on some new idea to keep the Association of YD men alive. These men, if medals are to be passed out, are the ones that should receive them.

Why not speak to a few of your business friends and see what can be done in the way of getting an advertisement for DOINGS occasionally; it has merit, and being a former advertising man myself I feel I speak from experience. The Club needs the money and the members of the Club will, in some cases, soon need new furniture, we don't want something for nothing; we should be able, if interested, to sustain all our debts.

In conclusion, some may not like what I am writing, if they don't, they don't have to read it, but to those who do agree with me in these thoughts of mine, I hope we, as a "legion of interested buddies" will do a little more to make the Club and association worthy of its YD title.

In the Club let us talk of things more constructive in the building up of a bigger and better organization, and when we of the old YD pass on to "the way of all flesh" let our new YD boys point with pride at the building located at 200 Huntington Avenue and say, that's the famous old YD Club where in the old days generals, colonels, majors, and buck privates once hobnobbed together.

—LEWIS P. FULTON (M)

New York City.

GENERAL EDWARDS (LM) DECORATES MOTHER OF YD HERO

On Saturday, May 10, General CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM) presented a Distinguished Service Cross to Mrs. Fanny Gaudette of New Britain, Conn., mother of Corporal GEORGE J. GAUDETTE, who was killed in action the day before the Armistice.

Corp. GAUDETTE was killed while carrying a message from his company (E Company, 102nd Infantry) to battalion headquarters, near Verdun. He had volunteered for the task while his company was under heavy fire at an advanced point.

The presentation was witnessed by O. L. Bodenhamer, National Commander of the American Legion.

A parade in which World War Veterans participated preceded the award at the World War Memorial where several hundred people had gathered.

Captain Alfred Griswold, Conn. N. G., read Corporal GAUDETTE'S biography and introduced General EDWARDS (LM) to Mrs. Gaudette. After the General had bestowed the medal, he placed a wreath on the Memorial.

RAYMOND J. QUEENIN (M) of Washington, D.C., who served in the same company as Corp. GAUDETTE, writes to YANKEE DOINGS: "GEORGE GAUDETTE was about 16 when he joined E Company, 102nd Infantry at the outbreak of the war. He and his inseparable buddy, EDDIE SULLIVAN, never missed a day at the front. Both were killed on November 10, 1918, while acting as runners, north of Verdun. They were a pair of clean-mouthed, clean-living kids, and their loss, when the war was practically over, was the saddest thing that happened to E Company."

OW-ah!

There was a young fellow named Sharkey,
Who fell in love with a darky,
The results of his sins
Were quadruplets—not twins;
One black, one white, and two khaki.

On Saturday afternoon, May 24, a large bronze statue of General JOHN CAMPBELL GREENWAY (Lt. Col., 101st Inf., and Major, 101st Engineers) was unveiled in the Hall of Fame in the United States Capitol. The statue was presented by the State of Arizona where General Greenway was known as a great mining engineer. The General was a native of Arkansas but went to Arizona at about the time that state was admitted to the Union. He was a veteran of the Spanish-American War as well as of the World War, and, incidentally, the first World War veteran to be admitted to the Hall of Fame. As proof of the fact that he came of illustrious forbears, a statue of his greatgrandfather stands a few yards away in the same Hall of Fame. Inasmuch as each state is allowed to select but two of its greatest citizens for this high honor, and as nearly every State has already selected its quota the ceremony witnessed on that Saturday afternoon will be repeated on very few future occasions.

The hall was crowded with guests, including not a few members of the YD Club of Washington. Senator Ashhurst of Arizona was Master of Ceremonies. The presentation speech was made by Senator Hayden of Arizona, and the statue was unveiled by little Jack Greenway. Speeches were made by Representative Douglas, Arizona's lone member of the lower house, Senator Robinson of Arkansas, General Harbord, and Congressman WILLIAM P. CONNERY, JR. (M) of Massachusetts. Although General EDWARDS (LM) was present, he was not called upon for a speech, much to the disappointment of the YD men present. But BILL CONNERY made a speech in which he called atention to the fact that General GREENWAY was a YD man, known as "Fighting Jack" Greenway of the 101st, and loved by every YD man who was privileged to know him.

MANSELL RICE (F Co., 102nd Inf.) of New Haven, Conn., was a visitor in the Capital on May 29th. He called on Congressman Tilson and the Congressman's secretary brought him around to the Veterans Bureau Office in the House Office Building, presided over by JIM BOYER. RAY QUEENIN (M) and BILLY CONNERY (M) dropped in and an impromptu reunion was held.

On Memorial Day a delegation from the Washington Club decorated every YD grave in Arlington National Cemetery. A plentiful supply of flowers was obtained through the generosity of Mrs. Phelps of Lawyer's Hill, Elkton, Maryland. For the past several years Mrs. Phelps has supplied an abundance of iris and peonies, so that a generous bunch of flowers could be placed on each grave. Captain Roland Fenton of Halobird demonstrated his skill as a florist by creating a beautiful large wreath of laurel and roses. This was placed, in the name of the Yankee Division, on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The graves of MOTHER EDWARDS and BESSIE EDWARDS were literally covered with roses, peonies, and iris.

General GEORGE A. SIMONDS (M), one of the busiest men in the Army, was one of the first men on hand and he walked up and down the rows of headstones carrying an armful of flowers looking for YD graves with the rest of the gang.

A rather touching incident occurred while the flowers were being assembled, preparatory to being distributed. A lady in black came over to the group and asked hopefully if the flowers were for sale. The answer was no, and she was greatly disappointed. She said she had come all the way from Pittsburgh and had expected to be able to buy some flowers near the cemetery. Needless to say, she was supplied with all the flowers she wanted with the compliments of the Yankee Division. The lady was greatly pleased and there were several YD veterans who felt that the day was a success.

JOE WILNER of Fort Humphreys printed some fine black and gold YD markers on cardboard attached to sticks, and placed one at each YD grave. This was a great help to the men who were carrying the flowers.

Arlington Cemetery is a wonderful place on Memorial Day. People from all over the country are there—mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, and widows, searching for the particular grave that brought them there. Parades of numerous patriotic organizations wend their way slowly, by various routes, toward the Amphitheatre and groups of boy and girl scouts are everywhere assisting in the search for graves and distributing flowers. And of course the Army is there. Soldiers from Fort Myer are stationed every hundred feet on every road and avenue. The familiar cry, "You can't park there," is heard on all sides.

The moonlight boat ride down the Potomac,

originally scheduled for May was postponed until June. Arrangements are not yet complete but tentative plans call for a trip on the "General Rucker" to Fort Washington where a basket lunch will be taken care of. The trip will take place about June 11.

YD men in this neck of the woods are all talking about plans for a trip to Boston during the Legion Convention next Fall. It looks as if 200 Huntington Avenue was going to be a very crowded and busy place about that time.

—R. J. Q. (M)

BRIDGEPORT X. Y. D's.

By Dick Barlow (M)

Well, all I know is what I see while roaming around the old Nutmeg State, and when at New Milford I noted a sign on the American Legion billboard, and it was some figures showing the expenses of the EZRA WOODS Post No. 31. (Ezra was a YD'er) and one of the items was for the burial of the UNKNOWN SOLDIER, well, right away, we got out the old iodine swabs ready to paint that yarn with iodine, but, by questioning such old 102nd Infantry pack carriers as LYNN DEMING, TONY and JOSEPH D'ANNA and HENRY BRANT (M) learned that a chap beyond middle life who had been acting as a cook on a road job near New Milford, had been found dead and he wore two service buttons and had discharge papers in his pockets which were supposed to have been his, but after the Legion buried him they were proved to be the papers of a chap in one of our Government hospitals. The dead chap was found to have used three or more aliases when being registered by various employment agencies. He came to New Milford from Albany and nothing could be learned of him and the Government reported back that they knew nothing of the history of the man and he could not be identified through his finger prints. At any rate the Legion buried him.

The American Legion State Convention is to be held at Bridgeport on July 26th.

On a big steam shovel over at Stratford, I noted something about YD on it and I'll be horn-swoggled if the chap who was a'runnin' it wasn't our old friend PASQUALE PIROLO of old M Company of the 102nd Infantry. He explained though that the YD meant something about the amount of dirt it could fling. Anyway Pasquale says he lives at No. 8 Pringle Street, New Haven.

JOE RICH of the 102nd Ambulance Co. has a radio store of his own at 2523 Main St., Bridgeport, and looks like ready money.

You birds that used to be carrying up the rations through Death Valley remember how Mother Matthias of Westport was mentioned last year, in this column as the UNKNOWN SOLDIER. Well, it was not so far wrong for now her son William has been taken. First it was August Matthias of the old YD after whom the Westport American Legion Post is named. Then in the little old cemetery at Southport his sister, Mrs. Louise West, was laid to rest at his side. Louise was the mother of three beautiful children and was a trained nurse—then father, William Matthias, was taken and just before Memorial Day this year, William Matthias, Jr., present Commander of the American Legion, was placed to rest in this family plot. What soldier has done more than she?

You Connecticut men who used to spend a lot of time putting additional sand bags over your officers' dugouts, ought to give the once over to that list of donations for the YD Memorial and then dig down, for you will note that other states have sent in several times as much as we have. It was our old 103rd Field Artillery who walloped the tar out of that town and that Church and it was a bang-up good job; but that is water gone over the dam. We are in the constructive mood now instead of the destructive and we can show 'em we can do just as good as they can. Everybody knows the old 102nd units batted like Class "A" outfits, so let's ask the wife to ease out a few smackers from the old pay envelope.

Boy, ain't that PALMSTROM (M) a humdinger of a picture drawer. Row-de-dow. You know I ain't no feller to brag atall but I just can't resist callin' to your attention as how in the last DOIN'S it says on one page as how I was elected to a big office in YD Veterans Association and how right away on another page it tells of how the members was coming in and paying up like nobody's business. Oh, don't mention it.

—"SAME OLD DICK" (M)

YD CLUB OF NEW HAVEN

On Thursday evening, May 29, members of the YD Club of New Haven enjoyed a showing of the motion pictures of the dedication of the YD Memorial Church at Belleau, presented by PHILIP H. ENGLISH (M).

On Sunday, May 25, a committee from the Club decorated the local graves of deceased Yankee Division men.

On Sunday evening, May 25, at a joint Memorial Service at Sprague Hall, the roll of ex-service men who have answered their last call was read and the YD veterans placed wreaths on the roll of honor for the following men: HAROLD OWENS (D Co., 102nd Inf.), RAYMOND ZOLLER (D Co., 103rd M. G. Bn.), THOMAS A. KING (Med. Det., 102nd Inf.), ARTHUR J. RUSSELL (102nd F. H.), EDWIN W. VIEBRANZ (D Co., 102nd M. G. Bn.), all of whom have died during the past year.

Members of the Club turned out in force on Memorial Day to parade with other veteran and military bodies of the city.

YD AUXILIARY

The regular monthly meeting of YD Auxiliary was held on Wednesday evening, May 14th at 8.00 o'clock, Mrs. Alfred Snape, President, presiding.

During the meeting a very impressive Memorial Service for our deceased members was conducted by our Chaplain, Mrs. Antoinette Smith.

Two solos were sung by Miss Katherine Wilson, while four of our members, Mrs. Edna Snape, Mrs. Hendrikson, Miss Furey and Mrs. Christie, placed the altar cloth upon the altar.

The very beautiful altar cloth was presented to the Auxiliary by Mrs. Alfred Snape, our President.

It is of white satin, lined with gold silk, and on the lining is painted the following inscription:

"Presented to the YD Auxiliary by Mrs. Alfred Snape, in memory of the men of the YD."

The inscription was painted by Mr. WALDON R. HEZLITT, of the 101st Sanitary Train.

Mr. James A. Nicoll, father of two YD veterans, HARRY H. NICOLL and CHARLES T. NICOLL of Co. B, 101st Field Signal Battalion, and husband of Matilda Nicoll, one of the first members of YD Auxiliary, passed away suddenly at his home in Monponsett, Mass., on May 16th. He was buried at Hanson, Mass., on May 18th.

Mrs. Nicoll and family have the deepest sympathy of the Auxiliary.

The sympathy of the Auxiliary is also extended to the family of Mrs. Nora P. Folkins of Groton, who passed away on Feb. 9th, after an illness of three weeks.

The May sewing meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Alson in Dorchester, on May 21st.

—M. S. CHRISTIE

A YD MOTHER TO THE LAST

Following is a letter written to the YD Auxiliary:

"Enclosed find check for dues of Mrs. Nora Folkins for the year 1930.

"I am sorry to inform you that my mother, Mrs. Nora Folkins, has had a shock for the third time and is in a very critical condition; in fact, the doctor tells us that it will be only a matter of days that she has to live. She is unconscious at the present time, but before losing consciousness, she asked us to take care of her YD Auxiliary dues.

"She has been ill for some time, and together with the fact that it is quite a long distance for her to attend meetings, she has nevertheless considered it an honor to belong to the YD Auxiliary. I was a former member of the Yankee Division, and consequently share that honor."

WILLIAM H. FOLKINS

Groton, Mass.

A footnote to the letter tells that Mrs. Folkins has since passed away.

ENGINEER WELFARE ASS'N

The Annual Meeting of the 101st Engineers Welfare Association was held at the Armory, June 2nd. Our beloved "Mother" Buswell was elected to lead us again as President. Mrs. J. F. Collins will serve as Vice-President; Mrs. George E. Parsons was again chosen to continue her perfect work in guarding the treasury, Miss Anna Ellis as Recording-Secretary, Mrs. E. Stahl as Corresponding Secretary. The nominating Committee for the year 1931 is Mrs. G. E. Parsons, Mrs. W. A. Mullen, Mrs. F. J. McMullen, Mrs. M. J. Fleming, Miss E. J. Woodward, Mrs. M. L. Casely, and Mrs. A. Snape, as chairman.

The ladies are invited to spend the day at the home of Mrs. McLeod in Needham on June 10 to enjoy the rose garden. Plans are going forward for a day to be spent at Mrs. Buswell's home at Point of Pines on June twenty-third. Ladies to meet at ten o'clock at Rowes Wharf. Bring a box lunch, if you wish. On August fifth, Mrs. Osborn is to be hostess to the Association at Hanover. Bus will leave the Armory at ten o'clock, rain or shine, fare to be $1.00 round trip. From past experience this is a day to look forward to enjoying. Bring a box luncheon. Let Mrs. Parsons know if she may count you for a seat in the bus.

Plans were discussed for increasing the funds in the treasury. We were entertained by a most interesting and enlightening talk by Mrs. Jordan on the work of her committee of the D. A. R. It was a pleasure that we have anticipated for a long time and all the members present extend their thanks to her for a most enjoyable and instructive half hour. The members of the board served refreshments after the close of the business of the meeting.

—Mrs. J. F. C., *Cor. Sec'y.*

YD POST, AMERICAN LEGION

In conjunction with the Boston Firemen's Post, Oliver Ames Post, and the Bessie Edwards Post, our own YD Post decorated veterans graves at Mt. Benedict Cemetery, West Roxbury, on Sunday, May 25, and participated in the Memorial Service at the same cemetery on Memorial Day.

The Post is planning to outdo itself in acting host to the many thousand YD men expected to attend the National Convention in October, and to make a big showing in the monster parade. Already over sixty members have uniforms, and by October this number should be increased two or three fold. New memberships are coming in as never before.

The Post has endorsed the candidacy of JAMES P. ROSE (M) for the office of Department Vice Commander, a position he is now holding by appointment to finish the term of MATTY BOYLE, deceased.

HIGHEST HONOR PAID TO YANKEE DIVISION MAN

As related in the column of the YD Club of Washington, a statue of the late General JOHN C. GREENWAY of Arizona, was unveiled in the Hall of Fame, in the Capitol, at Washington, on May 24.

Each state in the Union is allowed to name but two candidates for this honor—not two in one year—but two forever. Consequently the Hall contains statues of many of the men whose fame is secure in the history of the Nation. Several states have as yet named but one, preferring to let the more mature judgment of history decide the relative greatness of those whose death has occurred in recent years.

The citizens of Arizona, however, had no such doubts. General GREENWAY was their idol and their hero, the first citizen of the state. His career as athlete at Yale, mining engineer, soldier, Rough Rider, capitalist, philanthropist, and statesman is an epic of the Southwest. The entire state mourned as he passed away about three years ago.

We who knew him as a Major in the 101st Engineers, or as Lieutenant Colonel of the 101st Infantry, feel that the citizens of Arizona have acted with wisdom in placing him among the immortals.

Senator Ashhurst, in closing his dedicatory address, said:

"There was rich romance in the career of General GREENWAY. He was laborer, captain of industry, soldier, idealist, statesman and philanthropist. Indeed he has many other title deeds to our grateful remembrances, attributes which were stronger than office, power or wealth could bestow, for he was a man of inflexible integrity and unsullied character. There was about him a Roman dignity and a true and pure modesty. His eyes flashed far into the future and carried a message of good faith. In enterprises for the upbuilding and the progress of our common country he participated with the enthusiasm of a pioneer and the charm of a poet, for he was a man of great energy and real creative genius, and in all his business endeavors he vividly radiated that spiritual value called idealism.

"He had a firm devotion to American institutions, and his unbreakable belief in the power and majesty of truth and courage was the diamond pivot around which his daily life revolved."

ARTILLERY OUTING

On Sunday, June 22, the 51st Field Artillery Brigade Veterans Association will dine and re-une at the Methuen Armory. This will include veterans of the 101st, 102nd and 103rd Field Artillery regiments. After dinner at 1.00 p.m. sports and a general good time will follow. Tickets are $2.00. Call HOWARD A. SANDERSON (M), HUBbard 8500.

COME DUES, COME NEWS

ARCHER LABRANCHE (M) (C Co., 101st Inf.) of Biddeford, Maine, writes: "I confess it was a little surprise to receive your notice of dues because I was sure I had paid it. I guess my memory isn't what it used to be. But I am glad you hollered, and here goes two smackers for the best little publication ever published. I would not miss one for the world. Your articles about the noble experiment are as good as I ever read. Although I do not drink, very much, and never liked it, I certainly don't approve conditions as they are today. So keep it up, and more power to your pen. Hoping for a bigger and better time ahead for all."

W. L. "POP" LONERGAN (M) (A Co., 103rd M. G. Bn.) writes from Tampa, Florida: "I consider it a great honor to be a member of the YD Veterans Association. It is a membership well earned, not by ballot, as other orders demand, but by being a YD veteran. That is an honor."

And this from MAURICE C. WALKER (M) (E Co., 103rd Inf.) of Woodsville, N. H.: "I am sorry to be so late with my dues this year for I would not miss a number of YANKEE DOINGS if I could possibly help it. I have been laid up with T. B. for three months so far, and I hardly know how much longer I will be kept from my work. I hope to be able to be in Boston during the Convention in October."

LAST MONTH'S COVER

In his cover drawing, "The Unknown," appearing last month, PHIL PALMSTROM (M) reached a new height. It has everything a picture should have, skillful design and composition, an effect which immediately arrests the attention, a story powerfully told, a certain amount of symbolism. But more than all these things it has individuality. Not but that all of Phil's work does, but in "The Unknown," the lighter side of war is left behind and we are brought face to face with its stirring depths. To do this requires more than a trained hand and eye. It requires an observant mind, an active imagination. The result shows that the artist has these things.

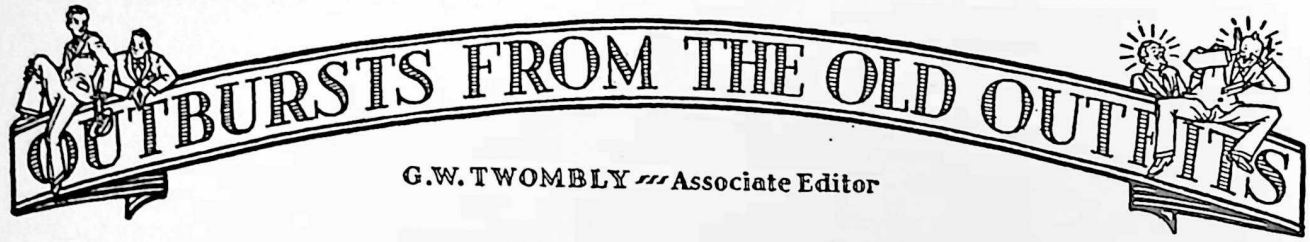
ONE RECOMMENDATION

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

After reading FAIRBANKS's (M) review of "The Paris Gun" in the April issue, I went out and purchased the book. Was delighted with the story and surprised to learn that our outfit was within ten miles of said gun, when it fired the first shot. We were at Chavignon, northeast of Vailly.

—FREDERICK W. ROWE (M)
(102nd Inf.)

Waterbury, Conn.
May 8.



102ND M.G. BATTALION

A COMPANY

Vacations come too seldom. One example: ROARY GLENCROSS waited until his arrived before hitting town. Made his round of calls, took back one of the last copies of our History of Company A. Roary is back with the Gulf Oil Distribution plant in Worcester.

For many a year the mention of West Medford has suggested 126 Monument Street, the P. C. of JOHN R. SANBORN (M). When not covering his duties as Assistant Sales Manager of the Twin Mutual Insurance Company, he may be found at 16 Hatch Road, West Medford, the new P. C.

About the only occasion we see JOE COBURN is in a parade of the National Lancers behind the soldierly JOHN SANBORN (M), the C. O. Moths won't collect in a busy uniform, Joe.

Among the many annual occasions which one celebrates, POP COVEY (M) has added to his list a trip among the bananas. His second annual cruise, consisting of two weeks on the seas, one day ashore in South America, has just been completed. The trip was advertised as a Mystery Cruise which we now comprise—the mystery to us is how can one kill 360 hours with only one other passenger, a strange male at that. Perhaps that's the best way to escape buzzing phones, committee conferences, and other troubles of this life.

Many a year has KEN FISH served the railroads, his new occupation not yet known.

No longer does E. T. HAMILTON work for Gulf Refining in Worcester, but now covers southern Massachusetts for Shell Oil.

—A. C. H. (M)

A SOUVENIR WORTH HAVING

When you're in the Club some time, ask BILL SNYDER (M) or GUY WATTS (M) to show you the framed pictures of the YD Memorial Church which are on sale, framed and all, for $1.50. Hang one on your wall, then you can tell your friends you helped to build it. It will make you prouder than ever of the Yankee Division.

At present, no mail orders are being taken for these pictures.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

C COMPANY

Your correspondent for Worcester news has received an invitation from the Apremont Way Dedication Committee, Holyoke Chamber of Commerce, to attend as guest, the ceremonies on June 14th, dedicating "Apremont Way" between Westfield and Holyoke and to read the letter brought to the 104th Infantry Veterans from the Mayor of Apremont-la-Foret (Meuse) France.

JUD FISH, our "Landscaper" is in the height of his busy season but has promised when business slows down to see more of us.

At the funeral of ROLAND LACHAPELLE a wonderful turnout of the boys of C Co. was befitting to such a pal. They came from all parts of the State and it showed a great spirit on everyone's part. The Lachapelle family thank each and every one for their consideration.

Those of you who are Y.D.V.A. members should get after at least one other who is NOT! and get 'em on the rolls. C Co. is well represented but why not more, and A Co., as well as H Co., Worcester Unit "Front and center."

Surprises never cease! Who should be coming through Worcester, a few weeks back, but DENNY WALLACE—the fourth of the "Four Horsemen" (WATTS (M)—HOWES—NOYES (M)—WALLACE), he had been down to the Club and spent the evening and night with Guy and was on his way back to the Big Town. Signals for "Assembly" brought only GEO. THOMSON (M) but Geo was going on high. These "Impromptues" bring out stuff that never was in the histories—all depending on the potency of the served beverage!

We should have more of them.

If you fellows ever appreciate good fellowship, let me tell you that the YD Club of Boston is the place to get it. Your writer was no sooner in the Club than several invitations were proffered and accepted: Oke!

When in Boston make yourself known. GUY WATTS (M) is the perfect Master of Ceremonies there and he still shares his blankets with us, as of yore.

"Preparedness" is the watchword for the combination of American Legion Convention and YD Reunion in October. I sure feel sorry for Boston's resi-

dent members, from past experiences in Paris last October during the Pilgrimage. I was worn to a "frassil" when they left. Watch for announcements of the reunion. Get on the Y.D.V.A. "Band Wagon."

Our old "TOP," GEORGE MOORE, passed away at Hamilton, Ont., on May 28th and was buried at Worcester. A firing squad and pall bearers from the active company attended with Capt. FRED MALONEY. About fifty of his buddies from "Old C" were there and followed the body to the grave. He is the third one to go within a year.

DAN JONES is now living in Fitchburg where he is Deputy Warden at the Jail.

This is probably the last DOINGS before YD Day at Devens, so don't forget to reserve the second Sunday the N. G. is at camp for a good day's outing.

—E. J. N. (M)

E COMPANY

All former members of E Co., 104th Infantry, YD who have any photos, records, or diaries that would aid in the writing of a history of E Co., are requested to communicate with THOMAS F. MACKEY, City Treasurer's Office, Somerville, Mass.

101st M. G. BATTALION NEWS

It is with regret that we record the death of ROBERT JAMES (BOB) LINDSAY, who passed away May 16th, at Hartford, leaving a wife and one daughter. When the going was tough you could depend on Bob, and he will be missed by his old YD Buddies.

GEORGE A. ("FATHER") WILLIAMS is now residing at 125 N Alta St., Los Angeles, Calif., and is in poor health. He has put in a claim for compensation and having a hard time of it. No doubt he would be glad to hear from any of the boys who would drop him a line and if anyone could help him get his compensation it would be a splendid thing.

ALBERT ROSSING (M), horseshoer, wagoner et al, residing in Hartford, is married and proud father of two boys, Robert T., 8, and Albert E., 6.

Time passes on and before long it will be the 101st M. G. B. Sons Association.

"BATTLING JOHNNIE" RIDDELL holds a court decision over a fellow employee who failed to agree with him on the prohibition question. It never was a noble experiment to disagree with John.

JOHN R. STODDARD recently received a citation in Hartford papers for stopping a runaway horse other than of the merry-go-round variety. Jack is now a hoot in Troop B. Ride 'em J. R.

JERALD COURTNEY was one for continuance of prohibition editorial in the DOINGS in the May issue. The 101st M. G. B. hereby add 499 more votes.

—B. P. G. (M)

101ST INFANTRY ITEMS

M. G. COMPANY

Captain JOHN T. COMERFORD (M) has announced his candidacy for the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

BILL SHIPMAN, a former buddy of the M. G. Company, has written a story of his experiences which is appearing in serial form in *Fawcett's Battle Stories*, a monthly magazine, published the 10th of each month.

On Thursday, May 22, the Winthrop veterans of the Company met and held an election of officers: President, JOHN WEBSTER; Vice-President, TIBBETTS; Treasurer, MIKE RAFTERY; Secretary, GEORGE R. ROBERTS (M). Plans are under way for another meeting in Brookline at which time suggestions will be discussed for activities during the Legion National Convention.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

FANCIES OF F

On Memorial Day, Jensen Square, on Highland Street, in Waltham, was dedicated to the memory of Sgt. WALTER T. JENSEN, our old friend and comrade. LEE REDFIELD (M) and PHIL SANBORN (M) attended as representatives of F Company, the latter making a brief address on the splendid character and courage of this fine soldier. A parade, consisting of a fife and drum corps, platoon of the local National Guard Company, and members of the Waltham Post No. 156, American Legion, formed at 9:30 at City Hall and marched to the square, a distance of a little over a mile. Following an invocation by the Rev. Frederick Harlan Page, an address by PHILIP N. SANBORN (M), City Councillor Thomas Flannery officially named the square, which is in reality a beautiful little triangular park—Jensen Square. Commander Neal of the Waltham Post then presented Mrs. Jensen, Walter's mother, with a beautiful bunch of roses and paid tribute to her courage and sacrifice. The name plate was then unveiled by Walter T. Warren, nephew of Walter Jensen. A memorial tablet was attached to the steel pole supporting the name plate on which was inscribed the record of Walter's service and death. This was performed by Hon. Patrick J. Duane, Mayor of Waltham, who spoke eloquently and feelingly of Walter's exceptional gallantry. Alexander R. Smith, President of the City Council spoke briefly, and an ivy shoot from Belleau Wood was planted at the foot of the staff by Col. Arthur A. Hansen, a boyhood

chum of Walter's. The memorial wreath was attached to the name plate by Mrs. Jensen, following which Taps was played by the Legion bugler. It was, in all, a beautiful tribute, to a true hero; one who in truth died, that his comrades might live.

Rather a lightning change act is required to jump from Memorial Day services to the E and F War Babies Reunion on May 24. What a party THAT was. Sixty-one from F Company and 55 from E, made it a much closer proposition than usual this year. We'll have to look out or some year E Company is going to beat us out.

ENOCH LYMAN, old D Company mess sergeant, and now armorer at the Cadet Armory, assisted by members of the committee, had worked miracles in transforming the somewhat forbidding interior of the familiar old rifle range into something resembling a Neapolitan street scene. Brilliantly striped "awnings" of painted beaver board, edged with brightly-colored cloth lined each side and formed shelter for the long rows of tables. Beneath and above these awnings rows of colored lights had been installed by ED PURDY (M) and helpers. Perhaps the masterpiece was a good old bar. Yes, a bar! with the shelves full of bottles of all shapes and sizes (mostly empty—alas), the mirror back, and a number of French cafe signs, Byrrh, and all the rest stuck up around the edges. A hastily set-up steam pipe served as a foot rail and made the picture almost complete. Ah, well, almost is perhaps all we can ask for. There was beer —a keg of it—a good thirst quencher, and so is water. However, private supplies seemed to show no diminution, and share and share alike was the good old army style.

The dinner served was a feed, delicious in quality and plentiful in amount. D Company must have been a lucky outfit if Lyman fed 'em like that in the army.

Some of the faces not often seen of recent years which appeared at this party were: LEW FLANDERS (M), "ELSIE" CURTIS, ARTHUR MOWATT, MATTY FARRELL, HUBERT FRARY, JOHN SULLIVAN, FRED BARNICOAT. The contingent from the State of Maine increased 300% over last year when SAM HUTCHINS was the sole representative. This year Sam was there too—no doubt about that—and with him were LYME ELA, ARTHUR MOWATT, and "SHINE" POTTER. First time for Arthur.

One of the best things about these annual affairs is that every year, although the numbers remain about the same, new faces appear to take the place of those that miss up. How about a company time of some sort this Fall during Legion Convention week? Seems to me about every F Company man above ground ought to be here at that time.

—P. N. S. (M)

A. P. O. No. 709

WALTER H. BURNS (102nd F. A.) of Fairhaven, Mass., was recently awarded a verdict of $7,850.00 by Federal Court, the sum being for retroactive compensation back to 1919, for disabilities incurred in service.

The most recent number of the *All American*, published by the 82nd Division Association, and edited by A. S. Wilson, contains whole pages of personal news and letters from members of the Division. The various organizations composing the Division are much more completely represented than is the case with YANKEE DOINGS. Shows signs of fine co-operation among the members in sending in the news.

JOHN T. COMERFORD (M) (M. G. Co., 101st Inf.) of Brookline has announced his candidacy for the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Last year he missed being elected by a few votes on a recount.

ANNUAL BANQUET OF YD CLUB OF WATERBURY, CONN.

On the evening of April 19, the YD Club of Waterbury held its annual banquet at the Waterbury Hotel. There were 128 present.

Col. HIRAM I. BEARSS ("Hikin' Hiram"), one-time commanding officer of the 102nd Infantry, was the principal speaker. The colonel received a hearty welcome at the railroad station, and seemed to have a good time during his visit. The banquet and dance were successful beyond the fondest hopes of the committee in charge, consisting of FREDERICK W. ROWE (M), TIMOTHY HORGAN, JEREMIAH GRIFFIN, WALTER L. BOLAN, and PETER J. SHEA.

About twenty-five members were present from other cities.

—F. W. R. (M)

CONGRATULATIONS

A report has trickled in, minus details, such as weight, date, name, etc., that a little girl has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM BARTER (M) (H Co., 101st Inf.) who are now living in Providence.

The marriage intentions of GEORGE R. ELLIOTT (M) (C Co., 104th Inf.) and Miss Gertrude P. Klingele, 152 West Street, Worcester, Mass., are announced. George is a Past President of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, and a former editor of YANKEE DOINGS.

TAPS

GEORGE WALLACE MOORE, formerly First Sergeant of C Company, 104th Infantry, died at Hamilton, Ontario, on May 27. He was 52 years of age and served on the Mexican Border as well as in the World War. Funeral services in Worcester (Mass.) were attended by many comrades of C Company.

The members of the Yankee Division Veterans Association join with his hosts of other friends in offering the deepest sympathy to GEORGE W. TWOM-

BLY (M) (C Co., 101st F. Sig. Bn.) in the loss of his mother on Monday, June 2. Mrs. Twombly was regarded as a true friend by everyone who knew her. She was a lifelong resident of Kennebunkport, Maine, and is survived by eight sons and daughters, and a number of grandchildren.

OVERHEARD AT A RECENT REUNION

"Gosh, your face is familiar, but I can't remember your name."

"Never mind, I know what it is, so it's all right."

YD VETERANS DAY

at

CAMP DEVENS

SUNDAY, JULY 13

As guests of the 26th Division, M. N. G.:

Eat with your old Company—
See the great Divisional Review—
March before the "Old Man."

If you live near Boston, assemble at the YD Club, otherwise go direct to Camp Devens.

Bring the wife and children.

Notice giving all details will be mailed you later.

For further information telephone
KENmore 2118

One Dollar!

Makes your Wife, Mother, Sister or Daughter
a Member of the

YD AUXILIARY

A worth-while organization which has brought comfort and happiness to many of our stricken comrades.

FILL OUT AND MAIL THE BLANK BELOW TO

MRS. F. W. FOSS

33 HANCOCK STREET, BOSTON

(Tear out and mail to Secretary, YD Club)

No. .....

Sons and Daughters of the YD and Belleau

Application for Membership

Name .....

Address .....

Date of Birth .....

Father's Name .....

Father's Organization .....

Father Living .....

Father killed in Service .....

Initiation fee and dues for first year, $1.00. Annual dues, fifty cents (after first year)